Corps 6

The Volunteer

. . . a newsletter by and for the Volunteers of the Peace Corps

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Few people still ask the question, "What *can* the Peace Corps do?" They now want to know, "What *is* the Peace Corps doing?" "Can the Volunteers take it," they ask? "How many Volunteers have come home?" "What do the host countries really think of the Peace Corps?" "What kind of work do the Volunteers do?" "Do the Volunteers like it?"

We can answer some of the questions: Every country in which Peace Corps Volunteers are now serving has requested more Volunteers. Of the 805 Volunteers presently overseas, two have gone home. The Peace Corps expects to have more than 5,000 Volunteers in training or overseas by the end of 1962.

But the other questions are best answered by you. And we know you have a great interest in how things are going in other Peace Corps projects. So we asked one Volunteer in each country to write a report on his group's activities for this special birthday issue. Not all of the reports met THE VOLUNTEER's deadline. But we have printed here those reports which made it in time —for which we thank the writers.

We hope that on March 1, 1963 our second birthday, the story your reports and letters tell will be as exciting and successful as this of the first year.

THE EDITORS

CHILE

by Martin T. Ronan

The raw material for the Chile project gathered at the University of Notre Dame on July 20, 1961, ready and willing to devote two years of their lives to the service of their country and to Chile.

The eight-week training period at Notre Dame was a good one. It followed the training program outlined by the Peace Corps in Washington and proved to be demanding and worthwhile for each of us.

Forty-five trainees, having weathered training and selection, were installed as Volunteers on September 13

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GHANA

by John Demos

According to the telegrams which started it all, we had been selected for "a Peace Corps teaching project in China." That was last June, and we were scattered over a huge area from Idaho to Iran. Some of us wondered briefly if the Director's enthusiasm had not for once got the best of him; but further information from Washington put us right. Our destination was to be the small but important West African country of Ghana.

We began with a seven-week training program at the University of California at Berkeley. The pace of the program was fast, and the atmosphere somewhat tense; but all in all, most of us found it stimulating, and even enjoyable. In the mornings we were treated to a wide variety of intellectual fodder—language lessons almost before our eyes were open; Dr. Stiles' horror movies on Health; sober sociological comment from Prof. Apter and colleagues ("Area Studies"); and occasional doses of American History and "International Studies" as well. In the afternoons many of us tried valiantly to learn how to play soccer. In the evenings we were psychologized, or instructed in such exotic arts as "high-life" dancing and "how to be a man (or woman) in West Africa." Often, too, there was time for a late-evening visit to the local beer-halls, where the events of the day could be rehashed (or forgotten?). At the time, these various parts of our training-program seemed somewhat diffuse and chaotic; but looking back later on, we knew that we had learned a great deal—about Africa in general, and Ghana in particular.

From the very start the question of motives was raised: i.e. "why did you join the Peace Corps?" *Everyone* seemed to want to know—newspapermen, psychologists, politicians, and even the people you met at cocktail parties. Invariably we gave these queries an unfriendly response—partly because they soon acquired the hollow ring of a cliche; partly because the reasons were complex, profound, and personal; and partly, perhaps, because we weren't quite sure of the answer ourselves.

In general, though, we held to a sharply restricted view of our role as Peace Corps teachers. Indeed, this soon became a source of pride, and around it there developed a remarkable kind of group loyalty. Probably

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COLOMBIA

By Tom Mullins

On August 25, 1961, sixty-two Peace Corps Volunteers graduated from a nine-week training program at Rutgers University and were accepted to serve as community development workers in Colombia. The project was the first Peace Corps program to be administered by a private agency—CARE. After a day-long trip to Washington for State Department briefings and an interview with President Kennedy, we departed from New York on September 7 for South America. After arriving in Bogota, the capital of Colombia, the group went to Tibaitata Experimental Farm some twenty kilometers from the capital. We stayed at this farm, established by the Rockefeller Foundation, for about five weeks.

While at the farm we attended regular lectures in Spanish by the various departments of government. Colombia's President Lleras came out to offer his gratitude to the Peace Corps and outlined some of the problems we would encounter. These briefings were held to inform us about the situations in which we would be working—water, roads, schools, health. Along with the lectures, the Volunteers took field trips to observe pueblo life and its problems. One such trip was to the small town of Sutatenza where we observed a training school for young Colombians in village work similar to the Peace Corps. The people from the town threw a grand fiesta for the boys with fireworks and dancing. Also, while at Tibaitata, the sixty-two Volunteers participated in work sessions in a small community or barrio near Bogota called Los Laches. The boys helped the people to begin their new school by making the cement blocks, digging the foundation and erecting a storage building for curing the blocks. All this done with the people who lived in Los Laches. After five weeks at Tibaitata the work sites were personally selected and approved by President Lleras. The Peace Corps Volunteers were assigned to three groups.

The National Federation of Coffee growers received thirty-eight Volunteers to work in the coffee growing areas of the country. The Cauca Valley Corporation received six boys to help in their work. The remaining twelve were assigned to *Accion Comunal*—a government agency formed to help improve the pueblos in the central regions of Colombia. The Volunteers were placed in nine *departments* (states) and twenty-nine teams of two each were formed. Each of the four Volunteer leaders deliver supplies to the Volunteers. Each team received a Colombian to work with them so each group was made up of two North Americans and one Colombian.

The projects now under way in each site are very similar. The village people feel that water, roads, schools and general health and sanitation are their most urgent needs. Here is a sample of sites and projects as of January 1962:

Peace Corps Volunteer Charles R. Akin of Minneapolis discusses community improvement ideas with village leaders in Choachi, Colombia, one of the Peace Corps project sites.

1—La Union, Narino. Aqueduct now underway and also two roads and bridges.

2—Minca, Magdalena. Projects now under construction: aqueduct, road, park, public health center, school, electrification program.

3—Tunia, Cauca. Building private home for widow and six children, building latrines, sports facilities, school.

4—Candelaria, Valle. Sports facilites, pure water, soccer field, electrification program, class in simple wiring, English class, road.

There have been a couple of side projects completed thus far. One Volunteer has designed some prefabricated furniture and another has built a bamboo-weaving machine for making mats for construction.

Regional meetings—at which the Volunteers compare and discuss their mutual problems—are held every three or four months in the four regional sites where the leaders are located.

The reception of the Peace Corps in Colombia has been very good. Few, if any incidents have diminished the Colombian peoples' enthusiasm in workng with the Volunteers in the small villages.

What's a day like for the Peace Corpsman in Colombia? Arising at six in the morning, George Kroon of Wallingford, Pennsylvania, washes and shaves in cold water getting ready for another day in Fuquene, Cundinamarca. Breakfast at a local cantina usually consists of a couple of fried eggs, some fried meat, fruit juice, bread and, of course, hot Colombian coffee. Out for a tour of his work area, George travels by horse with his Colombian *promotor* Morales. They inspect the sites of two schools being constructed and also the new aqueduct. Back in the village they have a lunch of hot soup, meat,

potatoes, rice, fruit and coffee. In the afternoon, George and his partner work in the town plaza with the people who live in Fuquene and surrounding areas. They spend their time making cement blocks for the new public health center that is being built with funds raised recently at a fiesta. Everyone from the mayor to the smallest kids are helping out in the building. At the day's end, George goes to a farmer's house for supper. Hot soup again starts the meal, followed by meat, potatoes, rice, beets or onions, bread and *tinto*—a small cup of coffee. After a bit of singing and learning a Colombian dance or two, George returns to his living quarters. He lives in a small building with one room for sleeping, another for an office and there is a bathroom with running water. After making a few notes of the day's happenings, George has time for a letter to his folks. The electricity is made available by a generator that operates from dark to about ten p.m. If George wants to read after the generator stops, he lights a lantern in the room.

This is quite typical of many of the Volunteers in Colombia. The work is now beginning to roll along to successful advances in community development. The first few months have been perhaps the most difficult in getting things organized. Almost all the work has been in thought and words, but now these are being reproduced in bridges, schools, roads and public health centers. Colombia has a great future. So does the Peace Corps in Colombia!

SIERRA LEONE

By Loren Jenkins, Peace Corps Volunteer Leader

On January 2nd, after preliminary training in Puerto Rico and at Colombia University in New York, 37 secondary school teachers arrived at Lungi Airport, Sierra Leone. Three months to the day since the prospective Volunteers began landing in Washington, they were finally at their destination. We were a motley crew, coming from both coasts and many of the states in between (as well as Alaska). There were three married couples, a former Dean of the School of Home Economics of the University of Cincinnati (Dr. Elizabeth Roseberry) and Sue Sadow, former Chief Nutritionist for UNRRA in North Africa, who, at 65, is the oldest volunteer in the Peace Corps.

The first week in Africa was spent at the University College of Sierra Leone (Fourah Bay) on the slopes of Mount Aureol high above Freetown. The orientation course was headed by talks and discussions by the Minister of Education, the Honourable Mr. A. S. J. Carnahan, the Principal of the University, Dr. Davidson Nicol and other assorted officials and educators. Topics under discussion ranged from the Sierra Leone Civil Service to tropical living, from teaching techniques to the Krio language. The time that was not spent in class, was productively put to use doing final shopping and repacking.

On the 8th of January the Volunteers were dispersed throughout the country. Geographical distribution left sixteen Volunteers in the Western Area (Freetown and vicinity), twelve in South Western Province, six in Northern Province, and three in South Eastern Province. Early check-up trips by Peace Corps Representative Walter Carrington and Peace Corps Doctor Bill Elsea report that all are finally settled and working. Accommodations seem to range from simple cold water flats, to the summer house of the Prime Minister, Sir Milton Margai, in Bo. Some Volunteers are living alone and isolated, i.e., Jamie Whitbeck in Jaiama, Elizabeth Roseberry in Mattru, and George Lavelle in Makeni; while one group of six is cramped temporarily into what is now referred to as the Ehmann's Hostel in Freetown. The only real difficulties in living have been the lack of fresh foods.

The teaching situations are as diverse as the living conditions. Volunteers like Bruce Gilbert in Waterloo have gone into brand new schools which are just starting from scratch and have found themselves teaching as many as five different subjects; others have entered older schools whose main problems seem to be exceedingly large classes and obsolete equipment. In general, school facilities are minimal. The lack of teaching aids, proper equipment, and sufficient classroom space, have all added to the difficulties of teaching. These obstacles, however, are slowly being overcome by the perseverance and efforts of the teachers. Though many had no teaching experience before arriving in Africa, it would be safe to say after this first month that all feel they are now veteran teachers.

Prospects for the future include the organization of our own newsletter. News and advice from the whole group will be printed and circulated so that all can benefit from each individual's experiences. This interchange will be supplemented over our two week Easter vacation, when all will regroup in Freetown for meetings with the Ministry of Education and conferences among ourselves.

TANGANYIKA

by Eugene Schreiber

Since the inception of the Tanganyika project on June 25th of last year, thirty-five engineers, surveyors and geologists have undergone four distinct Peace Corps stages.

Starting out with eight weeks in El Paso, Texas, we received a detailed background of Tanganyika, brushed up on American history and institutions, and got our first dose of Swahili. After El Paso we headed for Washington to meet the President, bussed up to New York to visit the United Nations and Adlai Stevenson, and then flew to San Juan, Puerto Rico. There we became the first trainees to confront the Peace Corps Field Training Center and tried our hands at mountain

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Tanganyika

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climbing, two-mile runs, endurance swimming, three-day hikes, rope-swinging, and Tarzan-like obstacle courses. After a month of this, we were off to Africa. Enroute from Nairobi, Kenya, into Tanganyika, it was a mere sign of a golf course fairway—reading "Beware of Lions"—that startled us into the realization that at long last we really had made it.

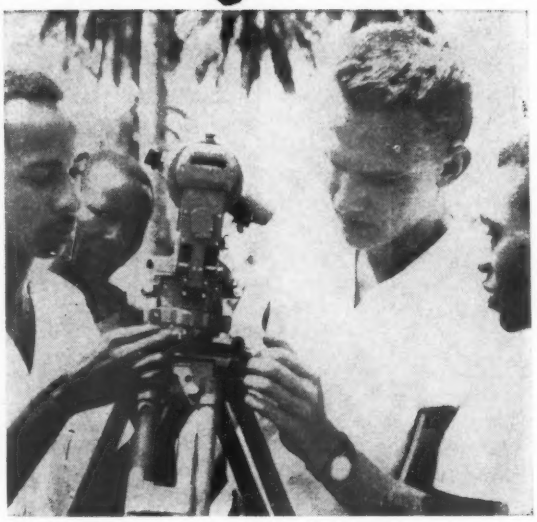
For seven weeks, we lived as a group in Tengeru, at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro, where we underwent intensive Swahili at the Natural Resources School. This was our third phase in the Peace Corps. Then, after nearly five months of training, we were handed our assignments and dispersed into the field.

Today the thirty-five of us are scattered throughout Tanganyika. Our jobs vary considerably. The five geologists are mapping the country for the location of economic minerals. The twenty-one surveyors are making an inventory of the present rural road network and laying out and supervising the construction of feeder, farm-to-market dirt roads. These feeder roads, which Tanganyika vitally needs to transport cash crops to market, are being built primarily by hand labor. Most of our twenty-one surveyors are working in pairs, based in towns but spending the majority of time on safari in the bush. Included in their parties, besides the normal complement of rodmen and chainmen, are African trainees who are being taught surveying on the job. Eight of our nine civil engineers are serving as assistant resident engineers on construction sites of major trunk roads and bridge crossings. The ninth is teaching math, English and roadbuilding at the Public Works Department School in Dar es Salaam, the capital.

Now a little on our happenings to date. Beyond a doubt, the highlight of our tour took place during Tanganyika's Uhuru celebrations, when the former Trust Territory became the 22nd independent African nation since World War II. It's a rarity indeed when one witnesses the birth of a country, and to each of us it was, aside from the color and gaiety, a sobering and inspiring event.

Now that we're old hands in the way of jungle lore, we try to be nonchalant when we stumble across any rhino, hippo, lion, giraffe, zebra or other wild animals. For Tanganyika is the heart of the world's big game country. Nonetheless, you can bet that each of us has his camera handy on safaris into the bush.

We feel we're fortunate serving here in Tanganyika. The work is up our alley, the people have been wonderful, and perhaps most of all we can't escape the feeling that we're at the right place at the right time. As Tanganyika's chief Engineer of Roads and Airdromes told us back in El Paso, "I can assure you, you won't have been taught what you will learn, and it won't be found in textbooks . . . You're jolly lucky." We agree.



John White and associates survey for feeder roads in Tanganyika.

Ghana

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we were sensitive to public criticism of the Peace Corps as opening the floodgates to youthful, naive idealism; in any case we struck the exact-opposite pose. We were "hard-headed." We were "realistic." We were definitely *not* "salesmen for the American way." First and last, we aimed to succeed simply as teachers. Such was the basis of our own special esprit de corps.

In the last week of the training-period, as we labored over our "workbooks," the matter of final selection obliterated all other concerns. Rumors flew from one person to the next, and grew prodigiously in the passage. In the end, though, only a few had to be left behind; altogether some fifty were chosen (plus two added later on). We finished with a gala celebration, at which many libations were poured and the program faculty accepted cigarette-lighters inscribed with the heaviest pun of the year: "Here today, Ghana tomorrow." But so (almost) it was. . . .

We had a last, brief spell of home leave, receptions at the White House and Ghanaian Embassy, and on the afternoon of September first we were set down in Accra. Our first impressions were nearly all favorable: the mild (rather than hot) weather; the spacious, handsome compound of the University of Ghana (where we spent two weeks in further "orientation"); and the warm welcome of Ghanaians in every place we visited. We were greeted by the Ministry of Education, the local council, the American Ambassador, and an assemblage of local chiefs. The ministry arranged bus-tours to some of the interesting sites in and around Accra: to markets, hospitals, and schools; to old slaving castles along the coast (now museums), and impressive new

construction projects such as the Volta Dam. It was hard to reduce all this to any sort of pattern. What struck us most, perhaps, was the incredible mixture of the old and the new, the traditional and the modern. . . . We had our first taste of Ghanaian food. Inevitably, we discovered the notorious Lido (nightclub), where two of our number promptly won second-place in a high-life dance contest. And on the beach at Winneba we had a mild object-lesson in the possible discrepancy between intentions and results. Spying some fishermen ponderously hauling in their nets from the sea, a group of us rushed to help out. Our most strenuous efforts succeeded only in breaking the lines!

In mid-September the period of our preparation came to an end, and we went to our various posts throughout the country. As expected, we were all assigned to secondary schools (roughly comparable to American high schools, but modeled on the British system in most essentials). In a few cases, these were Ghana's oldest and most distinguished schools; but more often they were brand-new, or nearly so—the spearhead of a great drive to increase educational facilities in all parts of the country. They are alike only in accomodations for staff; these, we found, are almost embarrassingly plush (six-room bungalows, with modern furniture, electricity, and running water). Classroom facilities are generally ample, laboratory supplies very thin, students intense and eager. Most of us have substantial classroom-loads and housemaster (or mistress) responsibilities. There are also extracurricular activities (coaching sports, and "societies"); and a few volunteers do some adult education as well. In nearly every instance we have been received with the greatest courtesy and warmth, by students and fellow-teachers alike.

There is little time to get bored or lonely, or to loaf, but occasionally on a weekend some of us contrive to ride in from the backcountry to one of the larger cities (Accra or Kumasi). Some come to do errands, some to perfect their high-life—and some to get married! There have been three weddings within our group since last October (we must surely lead all other projects in this department); and there is a rumor that the next member of the Peace Corps staff in Accra will have a background in marriage-counselling.

It would be premature to attempt an estimate of our success in our jobs; but so far most of the signs are heartening. There remain, though, some puzzling questions about the whole idea of Peace Corps service. For example: are we "different" from other "expatriates" in Ghana? (There are many of them teaching alongside us in the schools.) If so, *how* are we different? And in what way should we express this? The old question "why did you join the Peace Corps" has been somewhat altered to "what will you make of it now that you are here?" This is something which each of us must work out for himself.

ST. LUCIA

by Roberta Napier

Early last summer the Peace Corps and Heifer Project, Inc., inaugurated a program at Iowa State University to prepare 15 volunteers for work on the Caribbean island of St. Lucia.

After two months training at Iowa State we departed for St. Augustine, Trinidad, where we continued training at the University College of the West Indies. Here, working with students from Jamaica, Fiji Islands, British Guiana and many of the Windward Islands as well as Trinidadians, we became more familiar with the people with whom we would live and work during the coming months.

On October 15, fifteen voulnteers were greeted at Vigie Airport by St. Lucian government officials, the police band and the men and women who were to become our co-workers, all flanked by many interested citizens of the island. We realized that here at last was St. Lucia—the island we had studied from so great a distance with such intensity. We would no longer be able to look at this place objectively; we were now a part of it.

On the job now, we live and breathe our work. We are working in most instances on established projects—in extension work, adult education, teacher training, youth programs, home economics, forestry and health education. The extension workers are helping local farmers raise livestock provided by Heifer Project, Inc.

Our interest in St. Lucia, its people and our work is always increasing and we look forward eagerly to the remaining year and a half of our Peace Corps assignments.

Carlos Naranjo, working in Castries, the island's capital, has this to say about his work which is similar to that of five other teachers on St. Lucia:

My job assignment is that of teacher-training. We are concerned with the in-service training of the island's teachers. This includes Friday night and Saturday morning classes, vacation classes and bi-weekly assignments. There are 52 elementary schools and approximately 500 school teachers. Of these, about 150 are beginning school teachers or have taught one year. Most teachers are recruited from elementary school where they have completed their primary education. They range from 14 to 16 years old. I am also engaged in adult education, teaching a beginning reading and writing class two nights a week.

Malinda DuBose, one of the two volunteers working on health problems, reports:

Our long range goal is to institute some uniformity in the clinic service in the south of the island. I am now working on the health promotion program, and typhoid prevention, as well as teaching the Red Cross

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EAST PAKISTAN

By Rachel Schauffler

Twenty-nine of us landed at the Dacca airport on October 28 after flying 22 hours from New York via London, Frankfurt, Vienna, Beirut, Istanbul, Karachi and Calcutta. We stopped only to refuel; I remember moving my watch ahead continually and being served yet another meal.

In Beirut we picked up Bashir Ahmed, the camel driver, who traveled with us to Karachi. There (at the unlikely hour of 3:30 a.m.) he was met by an eager press and we by the American Ambassador, Mr. William Rountree. We arrived in Dacca with a sense of space and timelessness, and utter weariness. Fortunately we were placed with American families to sleep for the rest of the weekend.

The group divided then; my half remaining in Dacca to live with Pakistani families and to attend language classes, while the others went 50 miles east to Comilla for more intensified classes at the Academy for Village Development. This first stage lasted about four weeks and was an excellent introduction to the people, daily life, food and Bengali. The latter is coming along slowly now, but for a while, I had serious doubts that I would ever understand anyone.

I lived with the family of Dr. Mojissundi Ahmed, a professor of chemistry at Dacca University. He is traveling now in the United States so we were a household of women: Mrs. Ahmed, their three daughters and me. They were a great help to me and getting to know each other was an experience for us all. They and their their friends are as interested in America as I am in Pakistan. Many evenings passed comparing notes on what was done where. Mrs. Ahmed and I went so far as to bake an American-style apple pie in a Pakistani-style kitchen, without an oven. It wasn't bad, considering. And the children taught me Bengali script from a first-grade reader.

At the end of November we switched places with the other half of our group and spent three weeks in Comilla. Sponsored by the Ford Foundation in conjunction with Michigan State University, the Academy of Village Development has become one of the government's greatest hopes in improving agricultural techniques, developing cooperative associations, and raising the living standards of the villagers. The problems are numerous and complex, but we were impresed with the progress that can be made on a modest and realistic scale.

We made field trips to the surrounding villages, saw how life has been carried on for the past several hundred years—where often the rice crop is insufficient to feed the family, let alone provide profit for a year's work. We were a novelty to these people; the entire village gathered around us, friendly and curious and surprised that we spoke even a little Bengali with them. Women were absent from view; purdah—seclusion in the home as observed in Muslim countries—is still very much the practice.

Inevitably, though, a brave child would be sent to fetch us, the three girls, into some house where all the women could look us over. They were amazed: why weren't we married, where was our jewelry, didn't our hair grow, and why didn't we put cocoanut oil on it? Everywhere we have been met with warm hospitality but especially in the villages.

There is beauty here, especially at day's end. Twilight is short and often spectacular; we have watched the sun drop quickly over the rice paddies and behind the cocoanut trees by the river. A complete lack of commercialism in the countryside sometimes makes it seem impossible that it's the 20th century: multi-divided flat fields (green when we came, now parched in the dry season), dotted with small thatch-roofed villages, and roads traveled by foot or oxcart.

Many of us spent Christmas in Dacca. We all missed being home very much, but reunion with the rest of the Peace Corps and the hospitality of American families (and cold weather like they never told us to expect in the tropics) helped bring the holiday season to us. Christmas day was highlighted by a wonderful turkey dinner with the O'Donnells, the Consul-General and his family.

OTHER EAST PAKISTAN NOTES: In Comilla, Bob Burns has been placed in charge of the Academy's important irrigation program. Bob and his co-workers hope to double production on land that has historically been dependent on the monsoon for a single annual crop.

Also in Comilla, Bob Taylor has invented an inexpensive machine for parboiling rice, utilizng the rice husks for fuel. Parboiled rice is easier to husk and more profitable in the market, but the problem has been a lack of fuel for heating the water. Bob's machine blows the husks over charcoal, where they burn in mid-air, supplying the intense heat necessary to boil the rice.

Lloyd Goodson is responsible for keeping the Academy's twenty tractors running. On his second night on the job, a tractor rolled over an embankment while ploughing. Lloyd carried the unconscious driver back, put him in his own bed for the night and early the next morning came out with a new tractor to right the one that had overturned. The director of the Academy particularly appreciated this because, had the truck been allowed to lie in the field all morning, word would have spread throughout the village that "The Academy's tractors lie mostly on their sides with their wheels in the air."

Mike Sedor, Bill Reder and Sherwood Tiernan are running a tennis clinic and physical conditioning classes in Dacca. One night at a party they decided to teach their Pakistani hosts to square dance. Mike called the Virginia Reel, Bill played his guitar and everybody (including the women in their saris) had a wonderful time.

Robert C. Saint of Bakersfield, California trains a young Pakistani film apprentice to use a gasoline-powered generator. Bob was responsible for the power equipment used on the East Pakistan Society of Natural Sciences expedition to St. Martin's Island in the Bay of Bengal.

St. Lucia

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first aid course. We have had four showings of Walt Disney health films to audiences of 300 to 500 people. These have been in the country—one showing in an open field, one by a rum shop, another near a church and still another at the health center. The medical department seems to feel that results have been good. We are also working with three experimental Rural Clinics at which we have distributed vermifuge medicine to 320 children. The clinics have been held in the open using two folding tables and tacking posters on nearby trees. Mothers bring the children, some walking several miles.

The other Volunteers are working in agriculture. Here, Bill Hundley describes his activities:

Soil conservation is the main area of work. With 160 inches of rain per year and most of the peasant holdings on steep hill sides, a considerable part of our program consists of supervising the construction of contour drainage ditches. Also, we provide instruction on banana cultivation, the main crop of St. Lucia. Our work includes instruction to farmers on cocoa trimming, vegetable gardening, establishing citrus trees, grafting of mangoes, etc. Later a considerable part of our time will be devoted to instruction on care of poultry and swine.

WHAT IS AN EDUCATIONAL AIDE?

by Leonard Gieseke, Philippines

Upon arriving in the Philippines, we were asked again and again, "What is the Peace Corps going to do here?" We had a ready answer: "We are here as teacher's aides in English and science." But what was a teacher's aide?

We knew what it was not. There is an oversupply of teachers in the Philippines—an oversupply in terms of more teachers than there is money to hire. Because of this, it was made clear we were not to be teachers regularly handling classes. There was no intention that we should take jobs—though potential jobs only—from Filipinos. Only half-jokingly it was suggested that we would do such things as erase the blackboards.

In the teaching of English the role was defined. We were to be models of spoken English, to be called upon to recite before the class for imitation by the students. Not an exceptionally challenging role—rather like self-propelling tape recorders—but a role which we could at least understand and explain. We did not feel very challenged, nor were we particularly convinced that it was necessary that Filipinos speak American English. In the area of Los Baños where we were trained in the Philippines there is spoken Filipino English. It is at least as intelligible to most Americans as Brooklyn English is to a Georgian.

In science our role was less defined but the contributions we could make were more obvious. Science tends to be neglected in the schools because the teachers lack training in it. The Division of Science of the Bureau of Public Schools is aware of this problem but the solution is slow. There are not enough scientists in the Philippines to provide adequate training.

But as we left for the barrios, we were doubtful that we would be able to contribute very much to the Philippines. We faced, we thought, a limited role.

All of us were wrong.

We found and are finding in the barrios more creative opportunities, more opportunities to contribute than we had imagined. In the schools, the vaguely-defined role of teachers' aides is being defined by each Volunteer in terms of his abilities and the need of the school in which he is working. In some schools English teaching is adequate, but in some spoken English is unintelligible, the local dialect too strongly influencing it. English is important for two reasons. First it is the only language spoken throughout the Philippines. There are between 80 and 90 different dialects spoken here and a lack of English severely restricts the geographical area in which a Filipino may comfortably travel or work. Second, the language used in high schools and colleges is English. In science we were already aware of the need and the limitation we had feared in the teacher's aide concept is being resolved. By working with the students on individual projects and outside of class, by working with the teachers in designing experiments which utilize materials available in the communities,

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Chile

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and left for Chile by ship on September 22. Although frequent stops at ports interrupted the intensive language training we hoped to have enroute, the great advantage of our twenty-day voyage from New York to Valparaiso was that we had a chance to break into the completely different South American culture gradually. We stopped at Colon in Panama; Guayaquil, Ecuador; Chimbote Callao and Lima in Peru; and Arica, Antofagasta and Chanaral in Chile. After leaving each port, we had a general session at which all Volunteers discussed the cultural similarities and differences between that port and the United States and noted the progression toward the culture in which we were to live for many months.

We arrived at Valparaiso on October 11 and went directly to a training school of the Institute of Rural Education, the Chilean organization through which we are working.

A brief digression to explain the structure of the *Instituto de Educacion Rural* (IER) seems worthwhile here. The IER was founded six years ago as an independent organization supported by the state and private donors. Its purpose is to raise the educational level and the standard of living of the people in rural Chile, especially the farmers. The departments which the IER has set up to accomplish this purpose are basically four: *Centrales, Desarrollo de la Comunidad* (Community Development), *Radio Escuela,* and *Publicaciones.* The fundamentals of home economics, home industry, agriculture and animal husbandry are taught to young men and women from the rural areas in the six *Centrales de Capacitacion* (training schools) for women and the five for men. Some of these students are selected for a further course to prepare them to work as *delegados* of the Institute in community development in the field or *zona.* A wider distribution of information to the rural people is accomplished through the 15-minute taped lessons prepared by the Institute and transmitted daily over commercial radio stations and through the pamphlets and monthly magazine of the IER.

We continued our training for another four weeks at the *Central* at Lo Vasquez, about 25 miles from Valparaiso. It did not take us long to discover that it is practically impossible to stick to a schedule in Chile. Our program of training was built around the talks of guest lecturers from Chilean institutions on all phases of IER work. Although lecturers often arrived at the wrong time or on the wrong day and confusion frequently resulted, we left Lo Vasquez for a month of temporary work better able to handle the spoken Spanish language, more informed about the work of the IER, and more aware of Chilean culture.

The work period lasted from November 20 to December 23. The 45 Volunteers scattered from Santiago to Ancud on the island of Chiloe (a distance of about 700 miles) and worked at a variety of jobs ranging from art work in the publication office in Santiago to marketing lettuce near the southern Indian village of Chol-Chol. The majority worked as instructors in the *Centrales* or co-workers in the *zona* with the *delegados.*

Frank O'Hearn and Glen Trebour roast a pig for the supper at which Volunteers in Chile celebrated New Year's Eve, the birthday of one Volunteer, and the engagement of two others.

When we all gathered back in Lo Vasquez on December 23 to spend the Christmas holidays together and to squeeze in some more training, there were many humorous stories related along with expected expressions of satisfaction from some and dissatisfaction from others. One of our nurses had dived through the window of a blazing bus; another volunteer had eaten live chicken soup (a chicken jumped into his soup while he was eating lunch in one of the homes in a *zona* to the south).

The Christmas holidays were great fun for all of us. Some of the Volunteers planned a Christmas party complete with manger, Christmas tree, Santa Claus, eggnog, cookies and presents. On New Year's Eve we slaughtered and roasted a whole pig, had home made doughnuts, punch, noisemakers, party hats, fireworks—the works. Actually, we had a triple celebration that day. We celebrated the birthday of one Volunteer and the engagement of Volunteers Ramona Carol Marotz to Fred G. Morgner.

In between Christmas and New Year's and from New Year's to January 12 we were busy writing reports on our month's work and undergoing additional training.

On January 14 we went to the annual one-week encampment of all IER personnel at El Quisco on the ocean. There was a full schedule planned for everyone—a few lectures, athletic competition, swimming and sunbathing, bonfires, etc. It was a little too much like a Boy Scout camp, but it did allow an opportunity for the workers of the IER to get to know us better and vice versa.

The camp closed on January 21 and some of the Volunteers went to their new and permanent assignments. The others went to one of three brush-up courses for professors, male *zona* workers, and female *zona* workers.

All in all, the work of the Peace Corps in Chile has just barely gotten off the ground. The conflict with the time of our arrival and the yearly schedule of the *Instituto de Educacion Rural* has forced us to jump around from place to place and not really be settled in one job for any significant length of time. Now, however, the ground work has been laid and all volunteers will be in full action by the end of February. We are ready and we have high hopes that the work done during the remainder of our stay here should be of great value to Chile and a credit to the United States.

NIGERIA

(Michigan State)

by Roger Landrum

The thirty people in our group assembled at Michigan State in early September to begin the long trek through eight weeks of intellectual and physical training. We spent five weeks on the MSU campus in an extensive program administered by MSU's African Studies staff and by visiting experts. Then we moved to a biological research station at Hickory Corners, Michigan, for a more secluded but just as intensive three weeks of study.

After home leave, we reassembled on November 24 at Idlewild. Moving out over the Atlantic, a certain sense of common purpose and anticipation of Africa turned our thoughts ahead. We came in off the coast of West Africa in the half-light that precedes the dawn, and landed at Dakar, Senegal, in time to watch the hot sun rise out across the African hinterland. We continued a spectacular flight along the West African coast, where dense rainforests and rivers come out to the Atlantic shores and thatch and wattle roofs of traditional villages, metal roofs of growing industrial towns, and an occasional metropolitan town dot the land. We landed briefly in Liberia and Ghana, and then landed at noon in Lagos, Nigeria. In one short night all the pictures, thoughts, and plans since we had first filled out a Peace Corps application were becoming real.

We spent four days in Lagos, welcomed by Sir Abubakar Balewa, Prime Minister, and by other officials of both the Nigerian and American governments. We were given further orientation, and spent many hours wandering about the town, through the open markets of grains, fruits, vegetables, meats, lumber. We walked along the streets looking at the new skyscrapers; we visited the National Museum of Antiquities which is just beginning to collect the art of the ancient kingdoms and of the tribal craftsmen of Nigeria; we swam one moonlit night in the warm tropical surf; and everywhere we shook hands and exchanged greetings with the very hospitable people of Nigeria.

On November 29 we left on a two-day, 500-mile bus ride to the University at Nsukka. Our road cut through the dense rainforest belt, into the bush, and finally into the savannah land; it took us through the cities of Ibadan, Benin City, over the great Niger River, through Onitsh, and on to Nsukka. From the bus windows, we saw banana and pawpaw trees, looked for monkeys, wiped the dust from our faces, and waved back to villagers who greeted us with *nun onya ocka:* welcome, white man. During our overnight stay, the town called Akure showed us a fine evening at the Princess Hotel, where we made our first bouncing, bungling attempt to learn the supple African Highlife dance and laughed with the Nigerians at our clumsiness.

We arrived at the University the next day, just when the dry season began, and when the Harmattan, the famous "doctor" wind, blows down from the Sahara, bringing fine particles of dust that create a haze which obscures vision, cools the evening, dries the countryside, and dries the colds of animals and people.

The University rests in a small valley surrounded by miles of undulating ridges and dome hills. They remind one of the hills in Alan Paton's *Cry the Beloved Country* that are "lovely beyond all singing of them." The hills rise above scattered areas of bush and plain. During the rainy season a covering of long, wavy grass grows on them. But by the time we had come, the villagers had begun their annual task of setting fire to the grass to clear the land for a good fresh growth and to flush out animals for hunters. This blackened and charred the hills surrounding the University.

The University itself now consists of some twenty buildings, with others under construction and with areas being cleared for more. Faculty and staff quarters skirt the campus on two sides. Now, during the dry season, the campus is barren, stripped of grass and vegetation by the processes of construction. But over one thousand students and a hundred and fifty faculty members and staff are working hard, organizing the University, molding its spirit, and conducting full-time classes at the same time. For many of the hope of building this nation rests with its universities, and with the highly selected students who are studying here and elsewhere to become the teachers, scientists, businessmen, and artists of a new generation.

(Continued on next page)

Nigeria

(Continued from page 9)

Now, after three months on campus, we are all busy with teaching or research assignments. Some are lecturing in history, sociology, political science, English, economics, and music; some are assisting in sociological studies of the surrounding villages; our agronomist is helping to plan an experimental farm; our veterinarian is giving extension lectures in animal husbandry and conducting research on animal death at the Eastern Region cattle ranch; some are teaching secretarial courses and office management to federal employees; two are helping the local district officer take a census; and over twenty are conducting night classes in English language and literature, economics, geography, and mathematics for the University junior staff. We are all becoming involved in the informal work and enjoyment which helps discipline and organize a functioning university.

Since our arrival, we have participated in a number of special events. Some sang at the installation of the first Chancellor of the University, Dr. Nnamdi Aeihwe one of the great leaders of Nigerian independence and the present Governor-General of Nigeria. The Indian community on campus invited us all to a reception and cultural program in celebration of Indian Independence Day.

Occasionally we make trips away from the University. One group of five went on an insect-collecting trip to the rainforest area for the biology department. There they visited several forest and river villages where they were given cocoanuts and a live rooster as symbols of friendship. The district officer invited them to a Christmas dance as guests of honor.

Another group was invited by the social welfare officer to make a tour of Port Harcourt, a large waterfront town. They visited local industrial and shipping facilities, visited a rubber plantation, a palm-oil estate, and homes of University students from the area. Several groups have been invited to attend mask-and-drum dances in celebration of the harvest season. Two Volunteers spent a weekend in a student's home as guests of honor for a family wedding.

But now our work has mostly settled into the rhythms of class schedules, with the patient work of assembling lectures, correcting papers, holding conferences with students, talking late into the nights in bull sessions.

Our three months here have given us some background for assessing our commitment. We feel certain about the importance of our work; to offer aid in the development of a stable and healthy nation by working in this University, to establish bonds of friendship by working with the students, and to enrich our individual lives by cross-cultural experience.

As I sit here writing this report, one of the last unburnt hills is afire in the distance. Students are studying in the dormitories and professors are working in their offices. I can hear the band from a student dance across campus. The Harmattan has begun to blow itself out, and each day our vision of the surrounding hills is clearer. Most of us feel very much at home now and are busy with our work. We are wondering if the winter is hard or mild at home. And we are waiting to see what the rainy season will be like. When the new growth will come to the burnt hills, the grass will grow on campus, and we will be able to look back over a term of completed work.

RED TAPE: Peace Corps Representatives now have a supply of forms for you to use in requesting either regular allotments for standing financial obligations or emergency withdrawals from your termination payment. You can avoid delays in processing if you send your request directly to your Representative, rather than to Washington.

The Peace Corps has arranged with Travelers Insurance Company to provide each Volunteer with $10,000 non-convertible death benefit coverage at a cost of $1.20 per month. The policy became effective on February 1 for all Volunteers overseas who had not signed a waiver. Hereafter, unless he signs a waiver, each new Volunteer will be automatically covered from the date of his final selection until he has completed his overseas assignment. Coverage may be canceled at any time on written request.

If you sign a waiver, you will not be eligible for coverage during the current tour of duty. Volunteers who want this insurance should fill out a "Designation of Beneficiary" form and have it returned to Washington through the Peace Corps Representative.

The $1.20 monthly premium will be deducted from your $75 monthly pay, as will about fifteen cents a month additional for withholding tax and social security.

View From the Hill: "I think the Peace Corps is beginning to remove the doubts from the doubters' minds. I have been impressed with the quality of the young men and women that have been going into it. At first I thought that it would advance work for a group of beatniks, but this is not so. As a businessman, I know that the two years overseas experience will be invaluable and rewarding. I'll back it all the way." *Senator Barry Goldwater at the Harvard-Princeton-Yale Club Luncheon February 8, 1962.*

The Returning Veterans

Art Buchwald

New York—Nobody realizes it, but by next year many Peace Corps volunteers who have served their time abroad will be returning to the United States to be given honorable discharges. If the Peace Corps veterans are anything like other American vets, they will present a problem and we finally met a man who has been worrying about it.

Mr. Marvin Kitman, a writer, has formed a non-profit organization of volunteers called the Peace Corps Veterans Administration. Mr. Kitman told us his organization is prepared to help Peace Corps veterans find their way back to the American way of life.

"We're not concerned about them finding jobs," Mr. Kitman said, "After all, Peace Corpsmen will have been working for two years at salaries ranging from $60 a month in Nigeria to $182 a month in Tanganyika. There are plenty of jobs in the United States in that pay range.

"The problem the Peace Corps veteran will face is readjusting to America again. For two years he has lived like a native, eating their foods, living in their huts, doctoring himself with native medicines, and sleeping on straw mats.

The Flabby Americans

"By the time they come back to the States, nine out of ten PC vets will despise the flabby Americans they will find in their homes, their schools, and the churches of their choice.

"What is even worse, they will feel we don't understand them, and since they've been speaking Swahili, Tagalog, Urdu, and Twi for two years, we probably won't.

"Clearly the average PC vet will be as restless as a Congo native, and will be in no shape to be turned loose on the American public without an intensive orientation program.

"Our organization intends to set up Displaced Peace Corpsmen camps. To wean them away from the thatch hut architecture the veterans have grown to love, the DP camps will be composed of split-level ranches and Cape Cod houses located on gently curving streets.

"The primary job of the DP camps will be rehabilitation. They will have to be taught how to use knives and forks again, how to sit on chairs, how to knot a tie, and how to write something besides an inflammatory postcard to their friends back home."

Value of Money

Mr. Kitman said one of the most urgent problems the DP camps would deal with was to make the PC veteran understand the value of American money.

"Sargent Shiver has said the Peace Corpsmen will receive a bonus on return to the States, depending on the number of months he has spent overseas. In most cases it will amount to around $1800.

"If the veterans get the money outright, some of them, used to living in the bush, could make this sum last eight years. They would knock the hell out of the entire American economy.

"Therefore the DP camp will show nothing but television commercials to get the veteran to start spending his money again at the same rate as his fellow-Americans."

Mr. Kitman said his organization, like all veterans' organizations, intends to have a Peace Corps Veterans Day at which time Peace Corps vets will hold parades in depressed areas all over the United States.

Legal Aid

"The PCVA will also provide legal assistance for vets who have been arrested for trying to work 16 hours a day and week ends, as they did in the Sierra Leone. No country that's talking about a five-hour-day can allow people to work that long without putting them in jail."

We asked Mr. Kitman how he got interested in the Peace Corps Veterans Administration, and he told us. "I have a friend in the Peace Corps and he came home on a short leave and we were walking down 56th Street one afternoon and he saw a hole dug by Consolidated Edison, so he stopped, grabbed a shovel and started filling it in. It was such a reflex action that I said to myself, "Some day these boys are going to need help."

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Educational Aide

(Continued from page 7)

the Volunteers have found a creative and useful role in the teaching of science in the schools.

In addition, in the schools and the communities in which they live, they are finding myriad opportunities to be of use. Some are organizing libraries and reading centers. Others are designing and laying out recreational facilities. Some are helping in the campaign to arrest the spread of cholera. A few are helping in agricultural experimentation. One group has started adult education classes at night.

To the question, "What are the Peace Corps Volunteers going to do here?" we can say "We are here to serve as teachers' aides in the elementary schools and to be participating members of the communities in which we live." The last half of the answer deserves as much emphasis as the first.

THE LATEST OVERSEAS DEPARTURES

To: Kuala Lumpur, Malaya
January 8, 1962

Mary Jo Bray, Palm Desert, California
Pauline Carmody, West Des Moines, Iowa
Sarah Cimino, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Ruth Clark, West Brentwood, New York
Charles Combs, Louisville, Kentucky
Barbara Contessa, Norwalk, Connecticut
Eleanor Cross, Stevenson, Maryland
Jean Eisenhart, Watervleit, New York
Cynthia Easkine, San Mateo, California
Mark Francis, Berkeley, California
Anne Hennessey, Lawrence, Massachusetts
John Hurley, Centralia, Illinois
Mary Ianzetti, Napa, California
Benita Jorkasky, Altoona, Pennsylvania
Peter Kramer, Chicago, Illinois
James Lewis, McFarland, Wisconsin
Jane Lilly, Wethersfield, Connecticut
Mary McEnerney, Chicago, Illinois
Joyce Miller, Denver, Colorado
Alix Paschen, Cambridge, Massachusetts
Ernest Phillips, Forestville, Connecticut
Florence Pleskovic, Somerset, Pennsylvania
Anne Porter, Brooklyn, New York
Robert Rourke, New Haven, Connecticut
Arnold Seaberg, Park Ridge, Illinois
Suzanne Schick, Pottsville, Pennsylvania
Carol Semeniuk, Oaklawn, Illinois
Peter Sigourney, Phoenix, Arizona
Jeanette Stensland, Leola, South Dakota
Ralph Stensland, Hecla, South Dakota
Alan Stockland, Lincoln, Nebraska
Sadie Stout, Arkansas City, Kansas
Nancy Stripe, Joliet, Illinois
William Weinhold, Kohler, Wisconsin
Carol Ann Wolf, Babylon, New York
James Wolter, Chicago, Illinois

To: Bangkok, Thailand
January 19, 1962

Jacob Bilmes, East Hills, New York
Elsa Bruton, Washington, D. C.
Robert Bruton, Washington, D. C.
David Burger, Edgar, Wisconsin
Robert Canion, Port Lavaca, Texas
William Chamberlain, Omaha, Nebraska
Judy Clem, Anniston, Alabama
Emilie Clevenger, Brookville, Indiana
Charles Cobb, Ridgewood, New Jersey
Daniel Cory, Brooklyn, New York
Arthur Crisfield, Seaford, Delaware
Robert Cumming, Davidson, North Carolina
Lee Dameron, Douglas, Wyoming
Marilyn Davidson, North Conway, New Hampshire
Curry Davis, Woodhull, New York
William Davis, Ipswich, Massachusetts
Ann Flanagan, Groveland, Massachusetts
Lawrence Forman, Easton, Maryland
Roy Furumizo, Honolulu, Hawaii
Alan Guskin, Asbury Park, New Jersey
Judith Guskin, Asbury Park, New Jersey
Keiko Hiramoto, Berkeley, California
Robert Johnson, East Hampden, Maine
Sally Maclay, Summit, New Jersey
John McLean, Detroit, Michigan
David Micheals, New York, New York
David Miller, Tulsa, Oklahoma
Wanda Montgomery, Bluffton, Ohio
Roger Parent, Lille, Maine
Robert Pitts, Red Bank, New Jersey
Susan Powell, St. Petersburg, Florida
James Prescott, Las Vegas, Nevada
Harvey Price, San Francisco, California
Ralph Reynolds, Downey, California
Arthur Schweich, St. Louis, Missouri
James Shannon, Washington, D. C.
Sumner Sharpe, Nashua, New Hampshire
Gerald Shogren, Lindsborg, Kansas
Donald Short, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Marianne Spalding, Newton Hlds., Massachussets
Clarence Urness, Pocatello, Idaho
Shanna Urness, Pocatello, Idaho
Rose Welliver, Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania
John Wilkes, Lynbrook, New York
Lucia Wilcox, Albuquerque, New Mexico

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